

SCOTT COUNTY LIBRARY SYSTEM



3 0050 06586 6104

MORNING STAR



**SPECIAL
IOWA**

818 MOR

SCOTT COUNTY LIBRARY SYSTEM

563-285-4794

www.scottcountylibrary.org

Morning Star

1999-2000

Volume 17

**North Scott High School
Eldridge, IA 52748**

Planned and organized by students John Wagoner, Grant Shipman, Val Farley, Amanda Devine, Jill Blanche, Laura Leiting, and Vanessa Bell.

Sponsored by the North Scott High School Language Arts Department, with the help of Bernie Peters and Joni Schneider, art instructors.

The staff of The Shield, advised by Dennis Hennigan, performed the word processing.

Cover art by Zach Benson

Morning Star is a medieval weapon, and is a fitting name for a publication that joins North Scott High's The Lance and The Shield.

The founders of Morning Star in 1983-1984 also believed that the term describes any person whose talents are beginning to emerge. Thus the name fits perfectly the young writers and artists in this book.

Almost Through

A vessel of love held tight in my heart
So close together yet worlds apart.
Inside myself think of you
The pain is almost over, the hurt is almost through

A tenderness fading a love meant to last
A young girls who's living lost deep in her past.
Losing control crying out for you
The tears are almost gone, your world is almost
through

A dream dies quickly, an end is drawing near
Oh how I wish I could go back to time
when you were here.
A love that I will cherish everlasting
it seemed so true
To walk away is the hardest thing.
At least I know inside that the suffering is through.

~ Diana Kramer '02

All Bottled Up

People are all bottled up inside
Screaming to get out.
The screams are so loud
They make you want to shout.
As the confusion sets in
Your mind goes insane.
When your emotions don't win
Then your soul is in pain.
Life seems so long,
And so very confusing.
You never really think you're wrong,
And it's sometimes amusing.
People are all bottled up inside
Still wanting to shout.
They try not to hide
But they just can't get out.

~ Andi Gregerson '01

Alone On My Own

I sit here alone under a large oak tree.
Even though I am by myself, I feel trapped
and I want to be free.
I feel the wind blow across my face.
I see the birds flying high and fast,
Like they're in a race.
I want to be like them and be on my own.
But what's keeping me trapped is the fear
of being alone.

~ Andi Gregerson '01

An Old Friend

I just found out today,
That someone who used to be
So close to me has cancer.
We were like sisters until she
Moved. We were five years old
And we did everything together.
We drifted apart like shadows
In the dark. The last time I saw
Her was about a year ago. I realized
Then that I didn't know her anymore.
I cried today to hear the news,
But I laughed today to hear how
Well she is going on. I hope to
See her soon to see for myself
How she is doing. I miss my childhood
Friend, and I will always
Love her...

~ Sarah Creecy '01

Angel of Autumn

The night was cool and breezy
A sweet fragrance in the air
The leaves tumbled gently
I knew you were there,

I walked along the roadside
Leaves crunched beneath my shoes
You walked beside me all the way
I knew then you were true,

The autumn breeze was chilling
You kept me warm inside
You made life fulfilling
My tears you gently dried,

I slept beneath the fall moon
As bright as it could be
Like a shadow you were with me
Forever watching over me...

~ Darla Buswell '01

By Sarah Creecy

I just found out today,
That someone who used to be
So close to me has cancer.

Beware

Beware

It shouts for joy
with anger
with sadness
Boldly displaying
what is behind it
Do not go pass
It warns
But you do not listen
You are stubborn
a righteous mule
You have no self-control
only ignorance
Now you know
why that sign
said what it said
But you will never know
because you have died
you are truly missed
by everyone
Why didn't you realize
the sign was there
to warn you of
Danger
Beware

~ Mike Schafer '00

Blue Wolf

From the rocky cliffs on the mountain top
 To the valley down below,
As the eagle soars in the deep blue sky
 As long as the rivers flow;
To the one that is my life,
 My love for you will never cease.
You are the one, my love, my life.
 As the moon does journey across the sky
And the sparkling stars appear,
 Do not be afraid as I hold you tight,
There is nothing you need to fear.
 You are delicate as a daisy,
And beautiful as a rose,
 As graceful as a deer in the wood
You are the one who knows.
 I am the spirit of wolf inside.
The forest is my home.
 I keep your love inside my soul
O'er the miles that I do roam.
 As the sun fades away behind the trees
And life in the forest gets quiet,
 I return home to you, my beautiful rose,
For you, my heart is not silent.

~ Kim Ingle '00

"Can we talk tonight?" asked the boy lusting for a third chance.

"I don't know. Okay," said the girl as she played with the rim of her hat and bit her lower lip. "Come and pick me up after you take Keegan home," said the girl with a smile.

The boy smiled and ran off to his seat, leaving the girl to think of what she had agreed to, a meeting with the boy she once thought she loved, a seance to a soul that seemed to her to be dead from her touch. A reconciliation? Who knew what would come of the late night rendezvous.

The girl paced her dark noiseless home, awaiting the dreadful knock on the door. To keep her mind away from the task soon to be at hand she ran down into her illuminator basement and turned on her computer, thinking that reading her mail would ease her worries.

She sat down in the reclining black office chair only to hear the doorbell toll. The bell rang through her ears and she thought *this is it*. She rose from her chair and raced up the stairs. She opened the door without looking, knowing what familiar face would appear on the other side.

"So do you wanna..." asked the over anxious boy as he playfully dipped and unzipped his metallic red coat.

"Um, would you like to come in?...We could go somewhere.

"I don't care," replied the girl to the fragmented wanderings of the boy still at play with his coat.

"Hey let's go to Maid Rite!" exclaimed the boy, who then turned and ran to his maroon car, not waiting for a reply from the girl who locked the heavy door to her red brick home and then proceeded to catch up with only to find him cleaning the passenger side of his car. She climbed into the car and buckled her seat belt, knowing what a reckless person her chauffeur was.

During the short right up the street the Maid Rite barely a word was spoken between the two and the fowl stench of awkward silence was in the air. The girl was undecided on what to tell the boy, and was fighting with herself to decide.

Inside the restaurant the boy ordered a chocolate milk shake with whipped cream. "No cherry please." The girl, because she was not hungry, asked the waitress for nothing, and the two found a table to reside in.

"What do you want to say to me?" questioned the boy as he lit his camel cigarette and blew the smoke high in the air above his head.

"I....I don't know." spoke the girl as she lowered her head to examine the table. "Wow, you are wearing that hat today. It looks great." said the boy as he pointed to the green, Abercrombie hat perched upon the girl's pinned up hair.

"Oh thank you, but it isn't mine!" laughed the girl as she rearranged the hat's position so to make it straight.

"I wanted to talk to you for so long." regretted the boy as he watched his

cigarette burn. He flicked the ashes and blew them in the tray creating an ash storm. The boy panicked and began to whip it off the table, only to make a larger mess.

"Hold on a second," said the girl as she reached for a napkin to wipe the ashes back into the tray instead of on the floor.

The boy's milkshake arrived and he began to spoon it into his mouth while attempting to talk at the same time. "I really am sorry for all the times I have hurt you," the boy commented as he ate his chocolate treat.

~ Lori Summers '02

Fairy Tales

When we're children we hear all the fairy
tales from the years gone by.
Our tiny hands turn the pages in the
little books this world provides.
All ends in smiles and happy ever afters,
leaving the feeling of warmth inside.
At bedtime we kneel beside our beds
praying for all to be well.
Little boys dream of building castles,
conquering dragons, being king of the land.
Little girls dream of being fairy godmothers,
the knight in shining armor, a castle in
which to be queen.
As time passes on, we grow to leave for our
first day away from the arms we know.
Only to hear more fairy tales that seem
to not end in smiles.
But somehow we believe deep down the egg
that breaks to pieces really does get put
back together.
When Jack falls down the hill, Jill
follows, nursing him back to health.
And all is smiles, happy ever afters,
leaving a feeling of warmth inside.
At bedtime we kneel beside our beds,
praying for all to be well.
The boy dreams of his collection of model
cars, the fair maiden he saw today,
the homerun he hit.
The girl dreams of her new best friend, the
nobleman she saw today, the cake
she was to bake for dad's birthday.
The stage was set, the streamers all
hung, the sign "Class of" on the
gymnasium door.
All would attend, their futures still
uncertain, with well wishes many.
The tuxedos were worn with the

feeling of anticipation.
The prom dresses were worn with
the feeling of accomplishment.
All ended in smiles, happy ever afters,
leaving a feeling of warmth inside.
At bedtime they knelt beside their beds
praying for all to be well.
The man dreamt of his walk
to the stage being named king.
The woman dreamt of her walk to the
stage being named queen.
In later years he was there to wake her
with a kiss.
The grandchildren were plentiful, getting
into this, getting into that.
He and she read them tales from little
books this world provides.
Their tiny little hands turning the
pages, listening to every word.
All ends in smiles, and happy ever afters,
leaving a feeling of warmth inside.
At bedtime they knelt beside their
beds praying for all to be well.
Grandpa dreamt of the home he
had built, the things yet to conquer,
His walk to the stage knowing his
queen would follow.
Grandma dreamt of the mother she
still loved so much, the home she
was so proud of, the walk to the
stage knowing she would
follow her king.

~ Vanessa Bell '01

My Guardian Angel or My Destiny

I look around and see no one.
Now is a great time!
Get the rope and get the note.
Wait! Who is there?
I look and see no one.
I turn around and again,
I hear a noise.
I stop and when I look,
I see him. A small boy
about the age of three.
When he speaks, his voice is as
soft as the wind.
He says to me, "If you die,
then I will never be."
I took a long hard look and then
decided that he was right. If
I die then how will I ever
become anything. I ask myself,
"Was he my Guardian
Angel, or was he my Destiny?"

Again, I need a knife
and a note and again
I am alone. I heard a noise,
the very same noise I heard
before. I turn and see no one.
I turn around and again I heard
this noise. This time I turned around
in time to see her. A tiny child
no older than two.
When she spoke, it was like
an angel whispering in the
wind.
She said, "If you die, then I will never be."
I asked myself a question

that I couldn't answer just yet.

"Were they my Guardian Angels or were they my Destiny?"

~ Vanessa Bell '01

How it all Doesn't Work

When does high school begin? Is it the first time you walk in the front door? Is it when you first open your locker, or your first class begins? Well in my opinion the entire high school experience does not begin until something unjust happens, whether that has to do with friends, love, or heaven forbid, school itself.

For me high school began in November of my freshman year. I was only fourteen, and I had a crush on a senior! I fell in love with his looks. I didn't even bother trying to get him to know him. He knew how much I loved him. One night he asked me to sit with him, and of course I did. He asked me to do a lot of things that night, and because I loved him so much I did do a lot of what he asked. That is until he asked too much.

That night is burned into my memory. I had him for one night, and I blew it. I mean, maybe if I had done what he wanted. Or maybe if... There are so many scenarios that run through my mind of how things could have happened differently or how I could have done this or that, but I know in my mind that he didn't love me.

After the night he asked me to sit with him he never talked to me again. Why? Simply because he found out how far I was willing to go for his affection. Why are guys like that? Yes I agree some aren't, but a lot are.

My friend is so great. I laugh when I think about how sweet she really is. She is one of the only people I know that still value morals. She fell in love with a guy her age. That's smart step number one. Yet she fell in love with a guy that had a bad reputation. He couldn't keep a girlfriend for more than a couple of weeks. He was sweet, and of course handsome. Most of all he was a gentleman.

My friend told him how much she really liked him. He in time said he felt the same way. She was amazed! Well soon he invited her over to his house to watch a movie. She was thrilled! They watched the movie for a while, and he kissed her. She was ecstatic! He was the first to ever kiss her, and he said he loved her. She was contented. Then a couple of days later he told her he "didn't feel the way he used to." The way he used to? What was that supposed to mean? They had barely been together long enough to have a past. She was devastated.

That right there is how it all doesn't work. I mean, an older guy only want's one thing. A guy my age only wants one thing. Apparently there is no in between. I suppose there is always the younger guy... But I don't think they even know what the 'one thing' is!

Creep

The happy life
useless for me
sadness creeps
loneliness comes more
tears less
hatred growing
I'm scared for what I might do
the possibilities
I cry at night
for family love that I left
father
mother
sister
brother
caring is not a possibility
walking among the people
eyes up, walk strait
hatred on my face
I hate no one
but I hate everyone
That's me!
I am such a creep

~ Doozer Gregerson '02

Incognito

Am I bound to uncover you?
From the beginning
we knew nothing of each other
I still
know nothing of you
I feel
I want,
for you to open your heart
to me
Deluge your feelings,
your innermost thoughts,
wants, needs,
loves, hates,
hopes, and desires
I wonder each day
what this feeling
of complete
Incognito
is and what I am
supposed to perceive
of it
Each time you pass me by
I can do nothing
But smile
and dream
of the secrets you veil
from the world
You are so deep,
so sublime,
so enticing,
so complete
But no single soul
knows of this completion
You keep everything
locked up

so secure
I feel I have the

key,
the connection
and the way
to unlock the
door
to your heart
Please let me in....

~ Darla Buswell '01

It Could Have Been

What would have happened if I had said "hi,"
If I would have talked to you then?
All I do now is just beat myself up
Thinking how it could have been

I didn't just want you to like me *like that*
I wanted you as my good friend.
Now all I do is cry tears in the dark
Thinking how it could have been.

Told everyone else how I thought you were sweet
Was contented to just play pretend
Now my heart aches and I try to go on
Thinking how it could have been

Though it's too late to express what I feel
There's a message I'd still like to send.
It hurts just as bad as when you were here
Knowing how it could have been.

~ Jackie Wristen '01

Leaving

And as we leave
Knowing the friends
That we have made,
We will cry but
We will be happy
Because we have learned
The joys of friendship
And the peace of happiness.
My friends will always
Live in my heart forever.

~ Jill Blanche '00

Betroved to none;
Loved by none.
Am I wretched or merely cursed?
I have loved, but none of whom cared.
To wish for love is to be foolish.
Yet to long for it is only human
Human and foolish am I both
Yet still no absolution
Will one ever come?
Or am I destined to yearn all my life?
All desire is a chance?
Or shall I too be refused that?
Not fair!
That's what it is!
I beg and pled of thee to refuse me this fate
A life lacking emotion and passion for another is not just
But is it life I am intended to lead?
Why has such a hex been laid upon my heart?
Shall it endure forever?
May I never feel the hands of a lover softly caressing my cheek?
His lips tenderly kissing my face and meandering slowly to my neck
Our bodies mingling together in unity.
His large hands touching my unveiled flesh with gentle compassion
Will I ever feel these things or shall I lay empty and die?

~ Lori Summers '02

Look

When you look at me,
It may seem that I have it all-
I have a boyfriend,
My license,
Wonderful parents,
And supportive friends.
But when you look at me,
I mean really look,
You'll see my weaknesses.
I am not as I seem:
Deep inside of me,
Hidden to all,
There are feelings of
Pain, insecurity and fear.
But these are hidden to all
Who know me-
Sometimes,
Even from myself.
These weaknesses rarely expose themselves,
But when they do,
I know I can run to you and
You'll take all the pain away
And make all right in the world.
You are my truest friend
And the one I trust the most.
Thank you for all you've shown me!
As long as I have you,
I truly do have it all.

~ Richelle Stalnaker '02

I look into the deep blue sea of love
As I look deeper in to your eyes than I have ever known to have been there
Small specks of gray intrigue me further into the unknown
I wander past the color into your mind
I slowly gaze upon what I have always wondered about
I look at your memories
I search for a recollection of me
Yet I come across none
I frantically spin
Why am I not in here?
I have loved you for so long. Don't you even know who I am?
Haven't you ever noticed me gazing into your eyes?
Please answer please!
I fall to the ground as I am pulled out of your mind and out from the sea of blue
You rise from your seat across the room and leave
I begin to cry
Why? Why don't you love me?
Why don't you know me?
Why? Why? Why?
I scream as tears fiercely rampage down my face
My head plunges into my hands as I mourn
I pull my hair and scratch my face as I slowly break apart
I begin to rock as I recall all the moments we have shared
From hellos in the hall to small conversations
Now I know it all meant nothing to you when it had meant the world to me
Why couldn't you have told me?
Now what do I do?
Someone help me. Please!
I can't take this help!
Help.

~ Lori Summers '02

Love

Love-

What does it mean, anyway?

Everyone has their own definition.

Mine-

Trusting that person with your thoughts and heart,

Knowing they will be honest and true to you,

And just being with that person makes you happy-

Whether you're talking,

Watching t.v.,

Or just riding in the car while listening to music.

There are many types of love-

Love for your parents,

Love for your siblings,

Love for your friends

And

Love for that special someone.

How do you know when you're in love?

"You'll just know," they say.

Truly, I do know-

But no one else does.

Love is a mystery to us all

And it's something where there is no

Right or wrong.

Love is just the part of life

That no one can fail at-

You can go looking for love,

But, in the end,

It has to find you.

~ Richelle Stalnaker '02

Ignorance runs rampant through our schools
And racism and hatred fill the halls
Who developed these obscene rules?
And set them in stone as laws?

Where do we go from here?
How do we overcome?
With desks filled-not with students, but with fears
And the shattered dreams of some

It fills the books we read
It dominated the lessons we learn
This is not what we need,
Yet it's our one and only concern.

~ M.L. Preston '00

Dinard

Cool breezes blew across a lonely beach,
and the waves rushed up to meet the sand.

I walked alone.

Silhouetted in the colors of the setting sun.

I pondered upon my future,
and wondered about those left behind.

I was not lost...

...nor was I found.

I just drifted.

Searching for one to understand.

~ M.L. Preston '00

Mirror, Mirror

Mirror, mirror on my wall
Why do you have my face,
When every time I look at you
A new one takes my place.
A child still am I today
Yet I am almost grown,
And each time seeing someone else
Still looking at my own.

Mirror, mirror in my room
Why is it that I see through you,
To a world so dark and cold
Where everyone is lonely and blue.
Shadows everywhere I turn
Projected on the walls of stone,
Why is it that I see so many
But I am still here...alone.

~Diana Kramer '02

Miracles

Once in a while
A miracle comes.
No one knows why
And no one asks.
It is something
That needs no reason,
No explanation,
No answer.
It's there
And that's enough.
People wish for them
And can't see them
But they know
When they have one.
It's a *feeling*,
A knowing,
A new life beginning.
Someone can tell
Then they can move on.
Nothing is holding,
Nothing restricting.
You are reborn; alive
And you can go on.
Miracles are funny
In that you can't see them
Yet you can still know
When they're there.

~ Jackie Wristen '01

My World

My goodness gracious!
What have we got here?
A pencil and paper?
I hold these so dear.
Just think what could happen
On this blank, white sheet...
A battle, a murder,
Two lovers may meet,
A horror, a drama,
A musical play,
A comedy, romance-
What else can I say?
This paper brings thoughts
And my thoughts turn to words.
I write what I want,
Though weird and absurd.
That's the great thing
About writing, you know.
No one can say things
You don't want to know.
Think it sounds great?
By golly, you're right!
There could be day
In the middle of night.
The sea could be purple,
The grass could be blue,
And no one can see it
'Less you want them to.
The paper can open
A wondrous new place
Full of witches and fairies,
A dog's furry face.
Some things on paper
Start only as dreams
But they come to life
When a pen hits the scene.
No one can tell you

Just where to stop.
It's your life; you live it
And climb to the top.
And while you are up there
The thoughts flowing free,
I hope you remember
These words said by me.
It isn't just writing,
It's venting as well.
For how you are feeling
Your writing will tell.
And when you're happy,
The words come out fun.
They won't be gloomy
But bright as the sun.
And even in sorrow
Some good comes from pain.
For sometimes in poems
The tears are called rain.
Writing is good.
I like it a lot.
You think you can do it?
Let's see what you've got.
There is the paper
And here is the pen.
Just PLEASE don't you ever
Forget the THE END.

~ Jackie Wristen '01

Of Meddlesome Lives

Crowded streets
Choked with meddlesome feet
Everyone hurried
Heading for a destination
Too busy to allude
To any other passing faces
Blaring horns and bells
Yell over the voices
Of the Multitude
Impatient and distressing
One girl
Walking carelessly
Indifferent and oblivious
To the frenzy around her
seeing every face
Wondering where each pair
of hurried footsteps
Might be leading the other
One man
Hunched in a doorway
Humming a melody of life
Apprehensive and watching
The frenzy around him
Marveling at where each pair
Of hurried footsteps
Might be leading the other
Wishing he could be them
With somewhere to go
The girl strides by
She alludes to the man
Sitting in the doorway
He notices her too
she smiles openly
He smiles in return
Each goes on as before
Gut reassured
Of the happiness
In their idle lives...

Crowds of meddlesome feet
Go on as before
Noticing no smiling faces
Too busy to allude
To the life around them...

~ Darla Buswell '01

Only Love

'Tis better the devil you know
than the one you don't.
To have a heart that loves you
than a mind that won't.
Keep to your place
and your place will keep you.
Stay faithful to a heart
that has always been true.
If united we stand
yet divided we fall.
Together we'll make it
alone not at all.
The worth of money is not in its
possession
but in its very use.
So if I give you my entire existence
do not show my love abuse.
And by asking too much
you may lose the little we've got.
So I ask only love from you
for I love you a lot.

~ Diana Kramer '02

Right Here

The sun shines down upon the glass waters.

Ripples surrounded a newly fallen leaf.

The veins of red reach out to the tips surrounded by yellow.

I lie in the grass looking at the bright blue sky.

Squirrels crawl up and around in the tree above my head,
chirping and scratching amongst themselves.

I close my eyes and dream of far off places, then wake up to
find there's no better place then this right here...

~ Sarah Creecy '01

By the look in your eyes
When you say "hello"
I could tell there was
So much more you wanted to say
I could tell you wanted to say
"I care for you
And I love you
And I will never hurt you."
But you never said those things
For all you said was "hello."

~ Robb Russman '00

You give me a reason to get up in the morning,
Being with you makes me so happy,
I want to surround myself with you,
You mean the world to me,
What are you doing ending what we had?
How can you do this to me after all I have done for you?
Don't you know that you mean the world to me?
I can't believe you are doing this to me.

~ Robb Russman '00

Why won't you forgive me
I said that I was sorry
You just didn't hear the truth
Let me explain
You don't understand
I'm in love with you
I didn't mean to hurt you
Honestly I didn't
You mean the world to me
I won't be able to live without you
You are the only source of happiness in my life
Please don't take that away because of a
Misunderstanding
Please forgive me
Please!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

~ Robb Russman '00

I always went to you
When I felt blue
I always went to you
When I felt lonely
I always went to you
When I felt scared
I always went to you
When I felt like no one else cared
I always went to you
When I felt like I couldn't deal with it all
I always went to you
When I needed someone to listen
I always went to you
When I needed to feel loved
I always went to you
When you needed me
I always went to you

~ Robb Russman '00

Shattering Glass

Life's aspirations must be reached with a certain amount of
insanity.

And while suffering is the language of the soul,
And love is the language of the heart,
The two often become intertwined.

Like two hands grasping for the moon,
They struggle to encompass the circular mystery of life.
Where kindness, ecstasy, and childlike pleasures run
rampant,
And anger, jealousy, and loneliness stand waiting in the
wings.

Peace comes to those with acceptance,
But too few have the grace for forgiveness.
Yet we all go along with a liveliness,
That's comparable to shattering glass.

~ M.L. Preston '00

Save Me From Myself

My mind is like the vast sea
And you are my life boat-
Saving me from drowning
In my sea of problems, my ocean of troubles,
Saving me from myself.
You are my lifesaver.
As I fish through my troubles,
You are there supporting me.
Otherwise I'd drown in self pity.
You save me from myself.
One day I may be able to swim on my own
After fighting the undertow,
That strong force against me.
But until then, you
Save me from myself.

~ Richelle Stalnaker '02

The Hand That Helps

Take the cloak of darkness off me
The tired sick pale complexion that runs over my body
Turn pink when I feel your touch
Bring me out to where you stand
In the sun and let me see your beautiful face once more
My friend
I want to feel the sun on my body
Wind in my hair
If you were my friend you would help me get there.

~ Doozer Gregerson '02

The Movies

The image blasts across the screen,
sounds vibrating every nerve
Is it fact, fiction, or romance,
That temporarily captures us?
Locking our minds on these fleeting visions.

From the great blackness may emerge
a star filled galaxy, a lava oozing volcano,
a bloody battlefield, or a concentration camp.
Momentarily we are propelled into the struggle
to live, to love, or just persevere
The events spin out of control, to confrontation,
then to conflict, and finally, to resolution.
Are we better for participating in this entertainment,
or have we wasted precious time?

From silent to sepia to sensurround,
we have seen them all.
Life's experiences mirrored in this transient form,
the shadowed images of reality.

They may hold more truth and excitement,
then our ordinary lives can absorb.

~ John Wagoner '01

To the graduating class of 2000, I offer these words of advise:
THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

Nobody wants to hear your recycled opinions, regurgitated from your television, from your radio, and from your equally ignorant friends. You do not need jobs, you do not need parties, you need an opinion of your own.

Quit doing what the media tells you to do. Guess what! Pepsi will not make you younger. Mountain Dew will not make you extreme. 7-up will not make you original. Alcohol will not make you accepted. Oh yes, America, the TV has lied to you. Not that your friends are credible sources or information either. Where do they get their ideas? Who told them how to think? The magazines? The TV? The school?

Oh yes, our prized education system. It's the same system that encourages mathematics and the sciences and yet leaves the arts under funded and under appreciated. Who jurisdicts what is higher level thinking? Probably the same person who thought up general requirement classes. Why do we let someone else decide what we are allowed to read, and even think? It should be our responsibility to expand our horizons, yet to fall into the methodical ways of "the norm."

No matter what a significant other tells you, sex is not the relationship glue of the nineties, or even the millennium. In fact, it is the paint thinner. So many young people believe that to stop a relationship from spiraling out of control they must lower their personal standards and abandon their own morals to fulfill the needs of others. This not only guarantees the destruction-for many guys sex is the motivation behind the relationship, and for girls it is the trump card. Once the card has been played the challenge is gone and the interest is lost. Is that a slight mix-up in priorities?

Speaking of lost priorities, how about the emphasis that we as teenagers place on material objects? How many people spend hours working at boring, minimum wage jobs so that they can finance the vehicles that transport them to and from their boring, minimum wage jobs? Why can't we just enjoy the time that we have as irresponsible adults without making complete fools of ourselves?

In conclusion, our society is screwed up, our morals are twisted, our sense of right and wrong is disturbed, and out concept of reality is demented. We need to wake up and realize that the world neither revolves around us, nor cares if we plummet to our deaths from a twenty-two story building. The trivial beliefs that we hold so dear are really of no consequence.

Some of what I have said may not concern you. Some of what I have said may offend you. But no matter what you think of what I have said,
remember:

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

~ Michelle L. Preston '00

Reasons Why

Things are always changing
Nothing stays the same
You and I and our love
Seem to cause so much pain

Ever-changing are our ways
To express out emotions
During confusing days

Neither knowing what the other is thinking
Not knowing what the response will be
Assuming the worst, "He hates me."

Maybe we're maturing
And it's just a matter of time
Before you'll see my star
And I can make you mine.

~Amber Havenhill '02

Tomato Soup

Tomato soup is mighty fine,
I like to eat grilled cheese with mine.
Health Request is the best,
it's better for you than the rest.

~ A. Burton '01

Unanswered Questions

his words said without any meaning
but still running fast through my head
how i was supposed to know he'd be fleeing
always looking back to see as i lie crying in my bed

his actions done without any thought
but still i shiver as i remember his warm hands
how would i have known his love was bought
and he looks back to see me alone in my bed of quicksand

the thoughts he remembers but still shows no remorse
those are the same thoughts that i dread everyday
oh, i should have known, of course
and he looks to see how stupid i was to make sure i have nothing left to say

He has put my heart to the ultimate test
and now i don't know what to fear more
maybe its for the best
but maybe there was supposed to be more

so how do i measure how much it hurt
by how much i gave of by how much he took
and do i keep what i know inside or do i angrily assert
did i measure by how much i cried, how much pain i felt, or how i shook

all that I know is that i'll never be the same
and i know it's not his fault
i know that neither of us are to blame
and everytime i think of him i can still feel my heart melt

~ Amber Havenhill '02

Untitled

I am walking a path less taken. The path is crowded with vegetation. I can see the vague footprints of my ancestors that once took this path. My life flows into this path like a stream of water into a lake. I feel its presence like my own. We are one and the same, destined to be together, not knowing where it's taking us. Many times while on this path I see other roads that are easy and walked upon always. I see people on these roads beckoning me to join them. Some I want to call friends. But I know I can't, because our paths only cross too few of the times, and without my path walking alone, suffering the pain of loneliness. I hear a shout from not far away, so I look. I see a friend traveling a path similar to mine. While we never join one another's path, we still keep each other company. Then as expected his path starts heading another direction, so I let him go. Again I am alone. Once again I feel that pain. Almost desperate with pain, I find another path that crosses mine. I see some friends of mine, so I stop and talk to them. I decide to join them on their path, and for a time we travel together. More and more I begin to follow them and turn into that sheep, but I continue with my friends. Then without notice I plummet into a hole into the ground. It is deep and wide. My insides are turned inside out as I realize the torment I'm putting myself through. My friends slowly help me out of the hole, struggling, I look at them one last time, a tear forming at my eye, and with shaking hands I leap, back to my old path. There is no one else. Just me. I feel the sorrow that my ancestors once felt on their backs. I walk alone, thinking to myself, uttering thoughts through my head, and truly finding myself. Later I am joined by a girl. She is beautiful beyond recognition. Not a word is exchanged as we walk together on the same path. I'm filled with something I've never felt before. Then we come to a halt as a group of people on a larger path scurry past us. I look over and hope that she will stay with me on my path. When the path is clear I continue on my path and start crying, because she isn't there with me. Right now my path and life are still undecided. I don't know what to do, or how to act, or to live. But it's mine.

~ Christopher C. Blake '00

Sparkle

lustrous beam
how i envy you
so free
unrestrained
and portentous
magnificent
gleaming eternally in the sapphire night sky
a beacon of light
sparkling on
forever
living for an eternity
withheld from
sorrow or contempt

~ Val Farley '01

Instability

I don't want to rid this blanket of warmth
a shield of comfort surrounding me
for on the outside it is cold and cruel
and my insecurities show
hurry to my heaven-sheltered
where once again no one can discern
that I am afraid and unkempt.

~ Val Farley '01

Prey

that is not what i want
the catch of this hunt
i will give up my fight
all in one night
forget what i feel
face up to what's real
i don't need you and your games
no more guilt and blame
i will move on and pretend
you are gone
hoping you'll see my pain
and feel its refrain

~ Val Farley '01

Demersion

i'm drowning in the pain
like a driving rain
that won't let up
'til the volcano erupts
i will cry,
i will wallow
while the pain i will swallow
i let it pour in
again and again
it bothers me so
but ill never let you know

~ Val Farley '01

What Should I Say?

Sent from heaven: What you say I am
Then, "Go to hell," you say. "I don't give a damn."

Words from the heart
Then words from the head.

Which do I trust
and which rules do I bend?

Do you mean what you say when you say you love me?
Do you mean what you say when you say you don't?

And how do I know when you will,
and how do I know when you won't?

It's so hard to love you
and so hard to not.

The only words I can't say
are the ones that are sought.

So how can I ask just how you feel?
When I don't know if I'm for real?

I want you to stay
and I want you to go.

And when I finally say yes,
you start to say no.

~ Amber Havenhill '02

Pursuit

I try and try
butterfly

~ Val Farley '01

You

You used to be here,
every day and night.
I'd call and you'd be,
right by my side.
Now you live so far away.
Funny how God gives you a gift
and then takes it away.
It's all for the best and,
in time you will see.
It'll all work out the way,
God wants it to be.

~ Brandon Neels '03

Why?

As I look into your dazzling blue eyes-I do not
understand why I believe all of your cruel and
intentional lies.

As I think about what might have been and think of what
a sin. I think it could have been him.

He could have been the one and yet now in my eyes he
is no one. Everyone he knows is now ashamed at him
who has placed the blame.

And as I wish to hurt no more, my only one walks
through my lonely door. And as I look into my new
love's dazzling green eyes I understand why.

~ Amber Havenhill '02

You

You are so beautiful
your hands so delicate
like an egg shell
under your pillow
your eyes
they stare back at me
baby blue
beautiful in the daylight
your hair
long and straight
always in a pony tail
waiting for a gentle pull
by your true love
your lips are as red as a red rose
but worth more than gold
you truly deserve
someone to share them with
to share all your perfections
your personality
your love

~ Mike Schafer '00

You Didn't Have To

You didn't have to be there.
You didn't have to care.
You didn't have to talk to me.
You just could have let me be.
But you're here by my side.
And I don't want to hide.
I just want to cry.
And I don't know why.

~ Andi Gregerson '01

Your Life

Prepare yourself
hold on tight
you are about
to ride
your life
there are bumps
there are turns
but most of all
there are burns
flying through your life
you realize
what you missed
your best friend's birthday
your mom's loving kiss
your childhood
you want to go back
but no, this ride is one way
forward please
keep going, don't stop
you might miss
your next turn
watch out
danger
your life is full of them
so watch yourself
keep your life safe
it is your road
make it smooth and flat
it's your life
you decide which direction
which path
to take

-Mike Schafer '00

My Dragon

The dragon flies in a place that no one can see
But as much as he flies he still is not free
For the dragon is contained in my mind
the winds of my imagination are blowing on his
wings
Begging him to soar and let my mind fly free

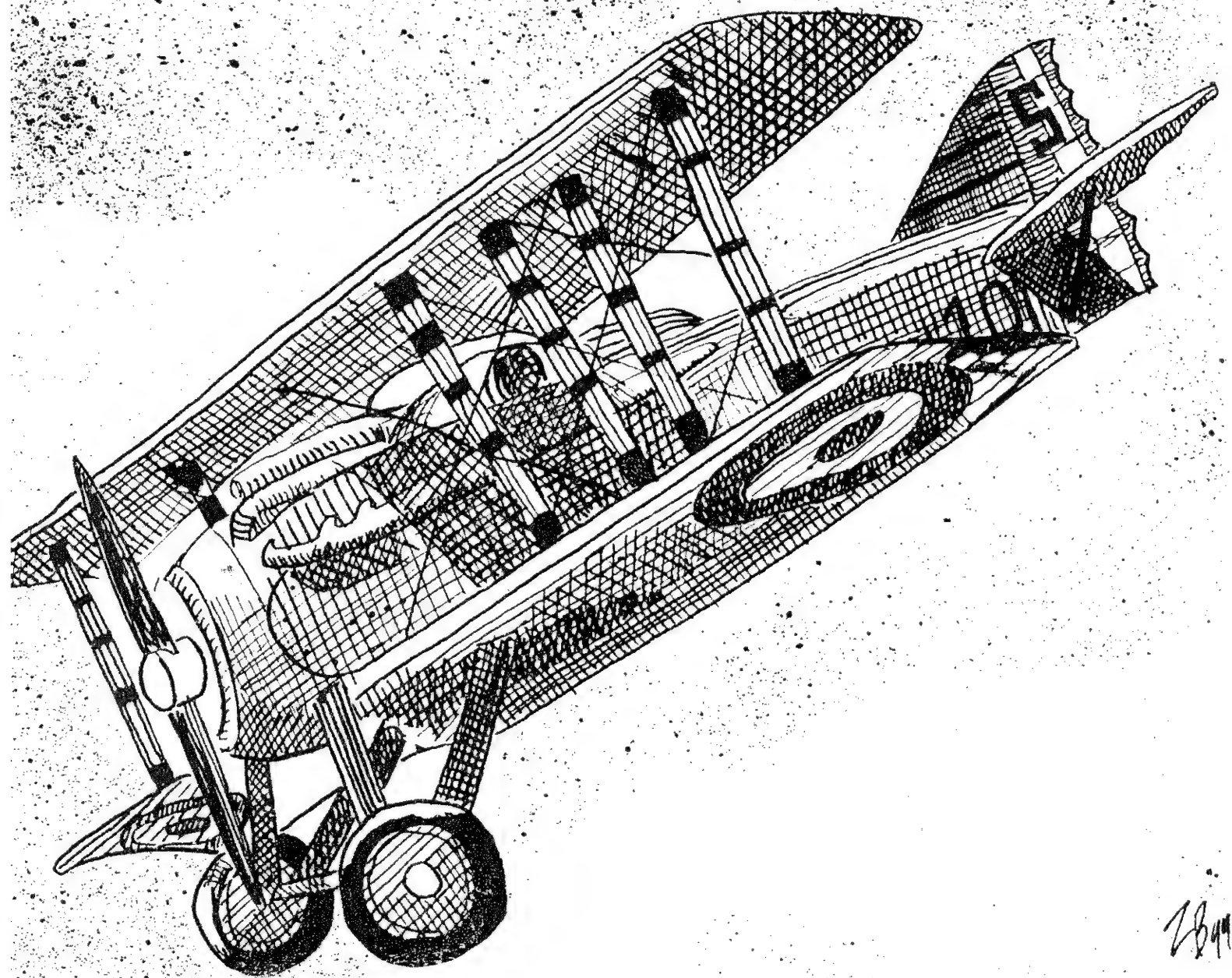
~ Doozer Gregerson '02

Explaining to You

Intricate side sweeps
meaningful nonchalance
with casual glances that mean so much
each one, but a connection,
for I feel a thing called longing
something that I thought I had known before
But everything is new now, refreshed in a way.
my feelings are simple
-she humbles and awes me.
My fondness and desire grows

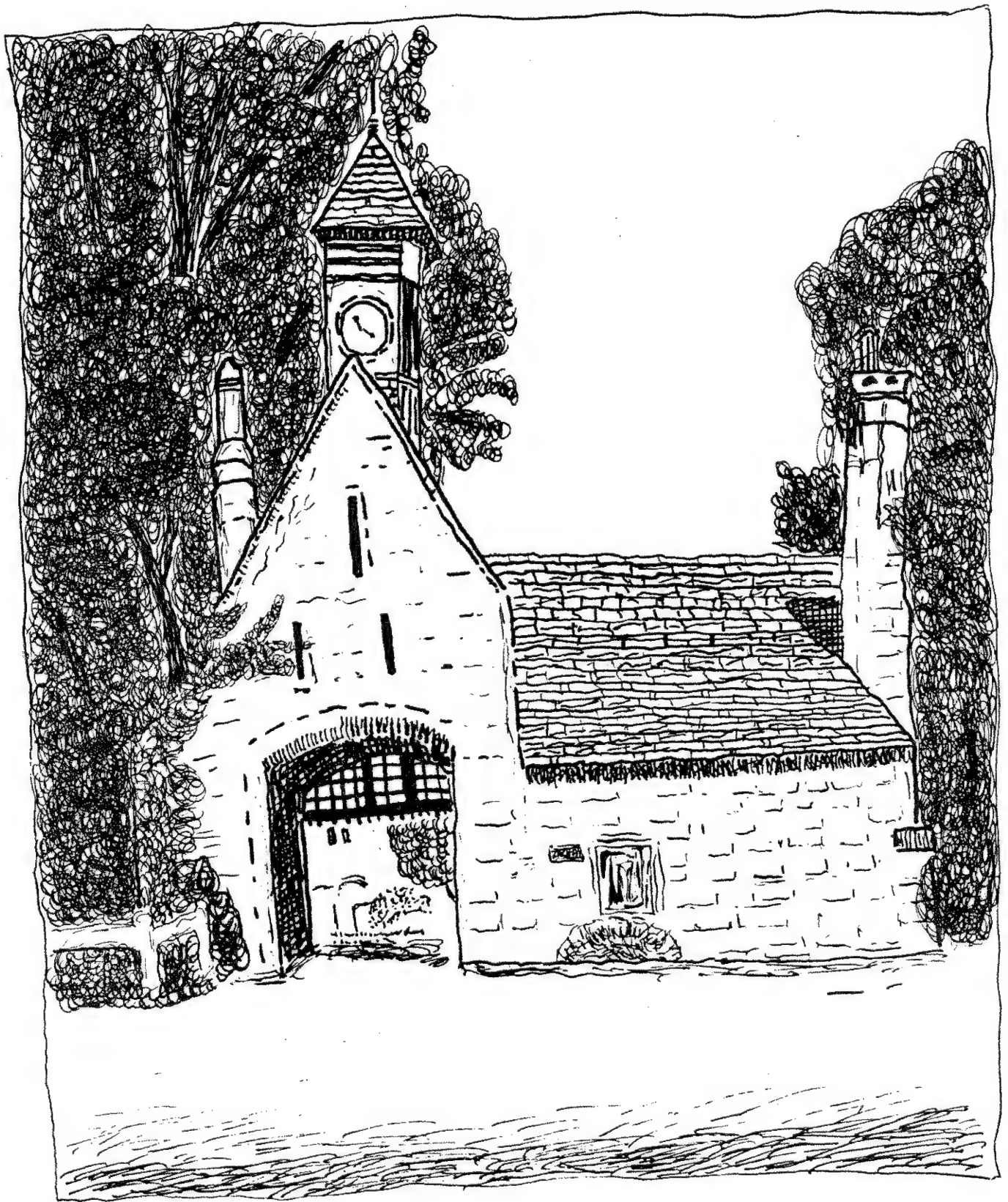
~ Grant Shipman '00

-Zach Benson, '03



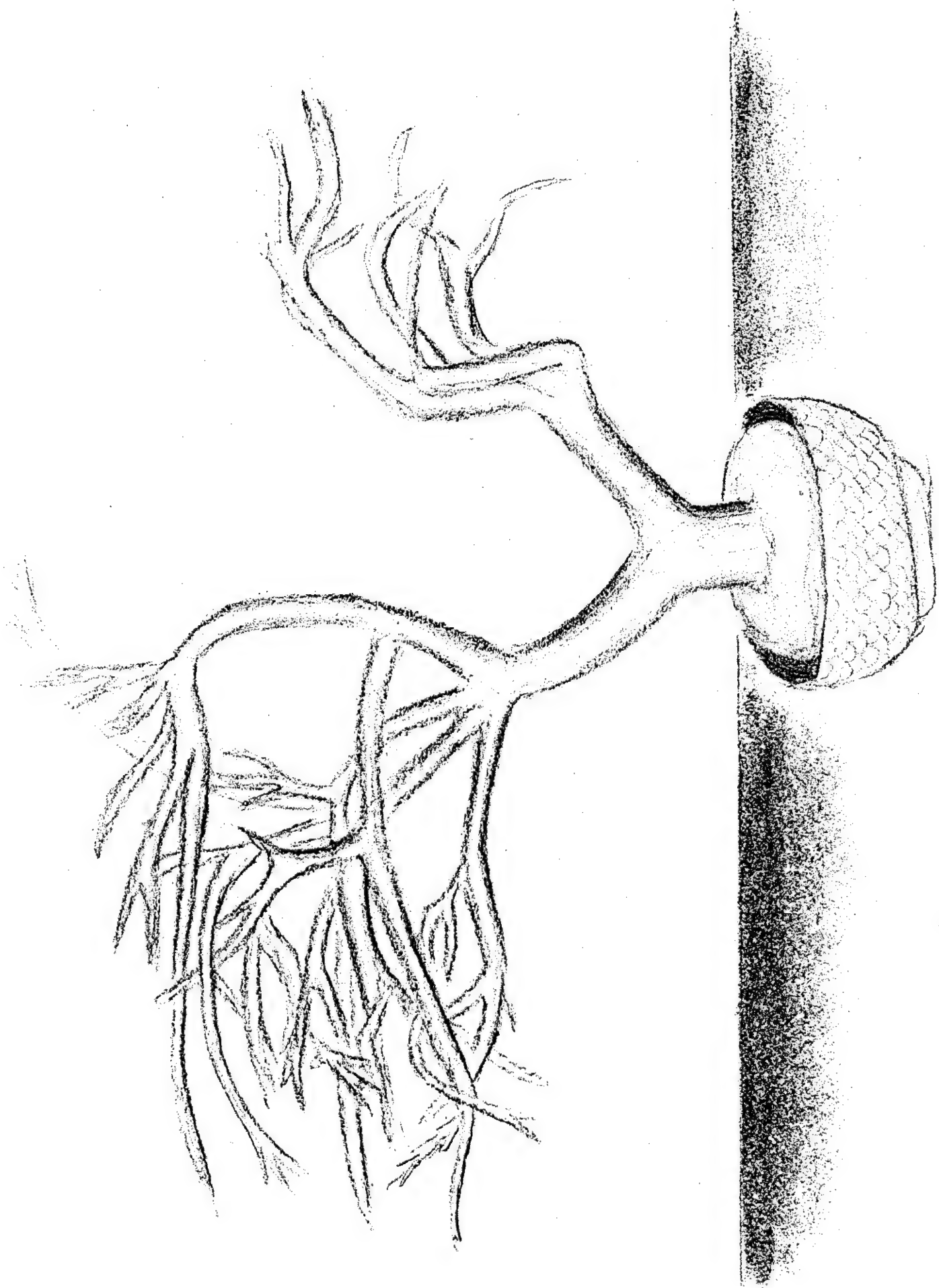
ZB44

-Zach Benson, '03



TSB99

-Zach Benson, '03



-Erin Rochau, '02

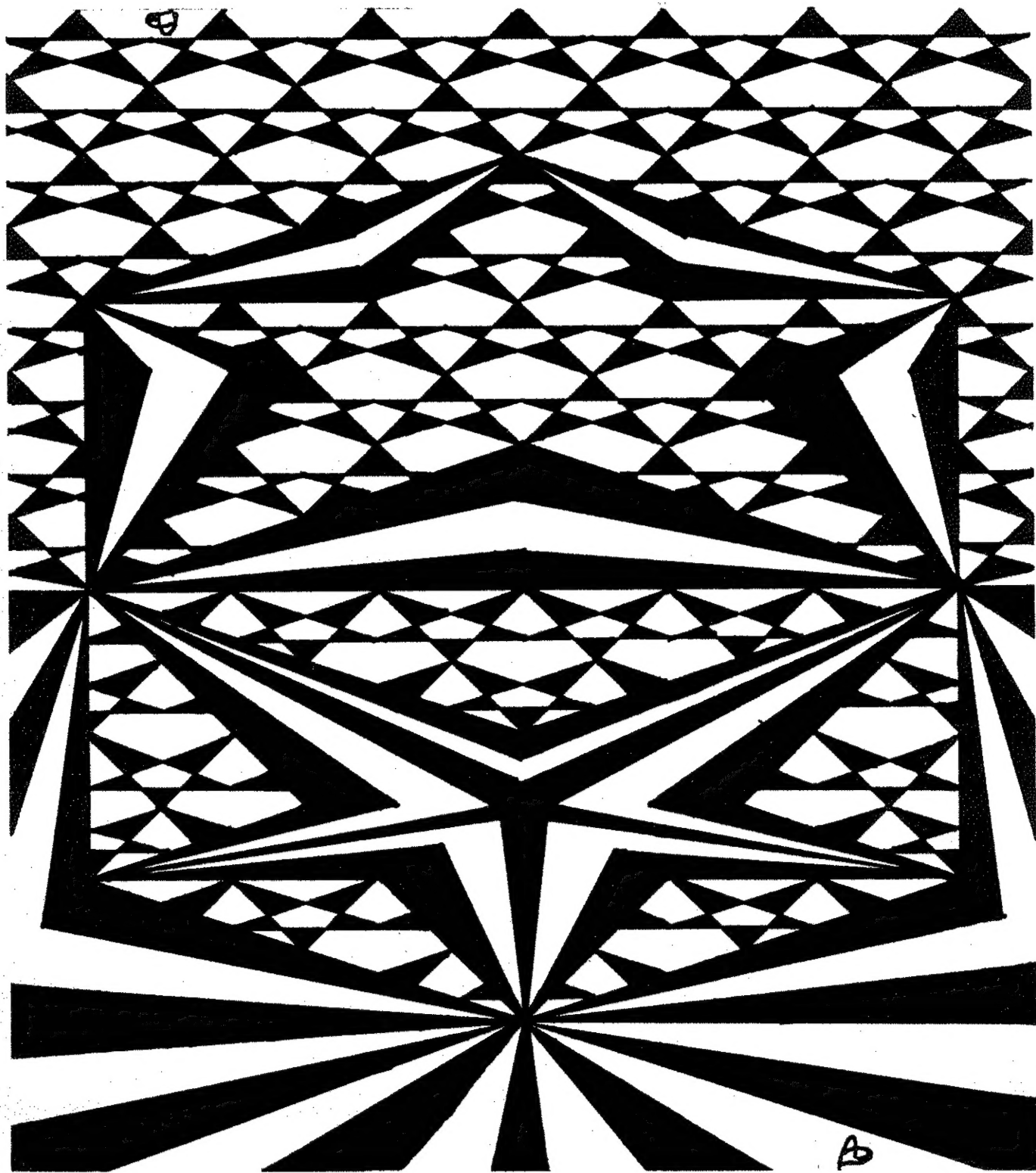


ERIN
ROCHAU

-Andi Gregerson, '01



-Andi Gregerson, '01



-Zach Benson, '03

